

Jens Lekman, Shirin

Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
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When Shirin cuts my hair
it's like a love affair
Let those locks fall to the ground
or let them stay there

I show her my passport
what I look like
But she just smiles and lets me know
it's gonna be all right

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When Shirin cuts my hair
her mama's sitting in the rocking chair
She tells me stories from the war
in Iraq cause they were there

Shirin pulls my head to the side
but in the mirror I can see
a tear in her eye

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Your hands are soft
your hands are soft just like silk
You're a drop of blood
You're a drop of blood in my glass of milk

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your hands are soft just like silk
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When Shirin does her magic
to my frizzy straws
Immigration and tax representatives
stumbled upon the lot
But what if it reaches the government
that you have a beauty salon
in your own apartment

I won't tell anyone!
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
I won't tell anyone!
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
I won't tell anyone!